

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of Sir William Knighton, Bart., G.C.H. &c. &c. &c. By Lady Knighton. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1838. Bentley.

WE are anxious to offer our readers the first public notice of a work the very name of which, remembering the relation in which the individual long stood towards the greatest personage in the kingdom, is sufficient to excite a strong feeling of interest. But we have, at the same time, to confess that our time and opportunities are so limited, that we can only do this in the most hasty manner; and, therefore, we must crave pardon for the hurry and imperfection of our sketch. It will, nevertheless, be gratifying to a loyal people, inasmuch as it must exhibit the monarch to whom we allude, in his hours of privacy and familiar intercourse, in very amiable and estimable points of view.

We pass all over till we come at once to Sir W. Knighton's connexion with George IV., a step of high importance, and raising his future acts and correspondence into the sphere of national history, combined with a close insight into the royal character.

After returning from Spain in 1809 (where he had been with the Marquess Wellesley), and a few years of professional exertion, this event took place in 1812; and, in 1818, Sir William was appointed auditor of the duchy of Cornwall. In 1821 the king visited Ireland, and he writes thus to his physician:—

"Continue, I conjure you, from time to time, and constantly if you can, to let me hear from you, be it only that 'all is well'; for even this is a security and comfort to me that you cannot imagine: it is utterly impossible for me to tell you how uncomfortable and how miserable I always feel when I have you not immediately at my elbow. You may, then, judge what I do now at this moment feel, and what I have gone through without you near me, during all these recent perplexities and difficulties. You are too well acquainted with the warmth of my feelings towards you to render it necessary for me to add a syllable more upon that head, dear and best of friends, except that I am always most affectionately yours,—G. R."

The journey to Hanover is described in letters from Sir William to his family and friends. Among other things, he writes,—

"I must tell you an anecdote which will interest you. Early in the morning, a poor woman, with a countenance apparently much worn with sorrow, on her knees presented a petition to the king's Hanoverian chamberlain, which was rejected. I saw this from the saloon, from which I was looking down on the many thousand persons assembled in the courtyard, and I observed the expression of despair which followed. I hastened down, fearing to lose sight of her, got her petition, and presented it to the king. It craved his mercy for her husband, who was doomed to five years' hard labour in a fortress. She was the mother of eight little children, and, it need not be added, in great poverty and want. The crime was of a nature to be pardoned, and this was done by the king with his pen instantly; for here his authority is absolute. We had the poor woman

in the saloon,—and you may imagine the rest."

In 1822, Sir William was appointed keeper of the privy purse, and the document is remarkable.

"I hereby authorise and direct Sir William Knighton, bart., keeper of my privy purse, to give notice to our several tradesmen, that they are not to receive orders, or to furnish any articles of furniture, &c. &c. &c., or to incur any expense whatsoever from their different trades, where such expense is to be provided for by my said privy purse, without receiving a specific order, in writing, for that purpose, from the said Sir William Knighton, bart.; and I do also give my authority to the said Sir William Knighton, bart., and order and direct him, during our will and pleasure, to undertake the entire management of my private affairs, with a view to the observance of the most strict and rigid economy, that we may have the opportunity of relieving ourselves from certain embarrassments, which it is not necessary to mention further in detail. We do, therefore, rely with confidence on the said Sir William Knighton for the strict performance and fulfilment of all our wishes on this head.

"GEORGE R."

Sir William was sent abroad on many momentous missions; on one of which, to Vienna, in 1825, we find the following letter from the king:—

"My dear friend,—I have so little to say since your departure from hence, that it is scarcely worth while troubling you with a line even now, especially as in the course of a few days I look for your reappearance, except to acknowledge and to thank you for the short epistle I received from you, dated Frankfort. Tranquillity, I am sure you will be pleased to learn, has, in general, been the order of the day since you left us. However, there have been, and I am fearful that they are still existing, some difficulties and misunderstandings in the final arrangement of that business which has caused you so much trouble and anxiety, and which at present do, and which, I fear, will still procrastinate the final adjustment until you return. It is impossible to detail to you what cavillings there have been, and what strange crotchets have started up, and sometimes seemingly upon the merest trifles, among the lawyers, and, indeed, pretty much all the parties concerned; such immensity of talking backwards and forwards, here and there,—the mistake of a sentence, and even of a single word,—all which creates delays; and even if there be the possibility of correcting it and setting it to rights again afterwards, I think but little progress has yet been made; and I see the impracticability, and next to the impossibility, of its being brought to any final issue until the moment of your return, when, by your good and kind advice, it may in all likelihood be ultimately settled. You, I am confident, will understand all this, without the necessity of any further explanation on my part; especially as they, I know, are at this very moment in the act of writing to you: so, probably, they may enter into some further details. As to bodily health, I am certainly not

as well as I ought to be, although I complain but little; which, you are well aware, is generally the case with me: but as to that which is more and most essential (as it is the main-spring to every thing, and the only security for health), the state of my mind and my feelings, I shall reserve all I have to say till next we meet. Now, then, God bless you, dear friend; and believe me always affectionately yours, G. R."

Letters from Scott, Southey, and other distinguished men, are now frequent.

We select some of these; for instance, Sir Walter Scott recommending Constable's famous scheme to royal favour. It is a peep behind the curtain.

"My dear sir,—I have somewhat intruded on his majesty's condescension through your obliging channel, when any thing occurred in literature which was worthy (at least seemed to me worthy) his majesty's royal attention or patronage. But the present is a very remarkable case indeed, and makes part of a great change which is about to take place in Britain, and which, sooner or later, will work great consequences for good and evil. The general pains which have been bestowed on the education of the poor begins to have a general effect upon the nation at large; for folks who read are naturally as desirous to have books, as folks who have appetites are to procure food. In both cases it is of consequence that wholesome and nourishing diet be placed within the reach of those who are hungry, otherwise they will be willing to eat trash and poison. Our great publisher in Scotland has formed a plan which, though intended for his profit in the first instance, cannot, I think, but have the best possible effect in supplying this new and extended demand for literature among the lower classes, by reprinting at a moderate rate, and selling at a low profit, a great number of the most standard English works both in history, in the *belles lettres*, as well as in science, and in the department of voyages and travels, natural history, and so forth. The object is generally to place the best and soundest works of every kind within the reach of the lower classes, whose shelves will be otherwise unquestionably filled with that sort of trash which is peculiarly dangerous, both to their morals as men, and their loyalty as subjects. The publisher, who is one of the most sagacious men I know in such matters, considers this not unjustly as a great national work, and is naturally desirous to place it under the most exalted patronage. If I may presume to express an opinion, I do think that a work likely to be spread so widely among his majesty's subjects, and calculated to place useful information within their reach, may not ungracefully be placed under his majesty's immediate protection. I think I can pledge myself that the selection of works in this extensive miscellany will be such as to turn men's minds into such a channel as may render the power of reading a blessing, and without which it may very well turn out a curse to themselves and the state. It is not the power of reading, but the character of the works which are read, that is to form the advantage derived from general education. I enclose a prospectus of the work, and a letter from Con-

stable, which I would beg you to take the trouble of considering. I have only to add, that this popular miscellany is to be cheap, indeed, but yet handsomely and correctly printed—the bookseller trusting for his profit to the quantity sold. The present prospect seems to intimate that it will be immense. I spent a part of this fine summer in Ireland, and have returned delighted with that warm-hearted and hospitable country. Whatever people may say, its grievances are fast abating. Much English capital has been introduced of late years; the new cabins are more decent than the old ones; and the dress of the younger people does not exhibit such a variety of patchwork as that of the true old Milesian. I went through the greater part of the island, and saw much ground which might rival any part of England in wealth, and much scenery which might vie with any part of Scotland in picturesque beauty; and the inhabitants, from the peer to the peasant, are certainly the kindest people in the world. May I request you to place my most humble duty at his majesty's feet; and believe me, my dear sir, your most obedient, very faithful servant,

WALTER SCOTT."

In another letter, Sir Walter says,—

"His majesty will not, perhaps, hear with entire indifference that my son-in-law, John Lockhart, has been tempted to change his views in this country, in order to become editor of the 'Quarterly Review.' The talents which have been thought worthy of this trust are pretty generally admitted; and I can answer for his possessing that love of his majesty's government and devotion to his person which are the best warrants for exercising the power now lodged in his hands in a proper manner."

In January 1826 we meet with a gratifying instance of the king's good and benevolent feelings. In his letter, he writes,—

"A little charitable impulse induces me to desire you to inquire into the distressed circumstances of poor old O'Keefe, now ninety years of age and stone-blind, whom I knew a little of formerly, having occasionally met him at parties of my juvenile recreation and hilarity, to which he then contributed not a little. Should you really find him so low in the world, and so divested of all comfort, as he is represented to be, then I do conceive that there can be no objection to your offering him, from me, such immediate relief, or such a moderate annual stipend, as will enable him to close his hitherto long life in comfort, at any rate free from want and absolute beggary, which I greatly fear at present is but too truly his actual condition and situation. Perhaps, on many accounts and reasons, which I am sure I need not mention to you, this had best be effectuated by an immediate application through you to our lively little friend, G. Colman, whose good heart will, I am certain, lead him to give us all the assistance he can, especially as it is for the preservation of one of his oldest invalided brothers and worshippers of the Thespian muse."

"G. R."

A letter from Mr. Canning is highly characteristic.

"F. O. March 26, 1836.

"My dear sir,—With this letter goes the paper which the king desired to be copied for his majesty's private use. I am just setting off for Bath, with a good conscience, having so cleared off the arrears accruing during parliamentary time, that I believe I do not owe a despatch in any part of the world; and, if I did, I have not a messenger left by whom to send one. I am assured, however, that the well, though now pumped dry, will fill again by the

time of my return to town on Friday. I propose being at the Castle, at Salt Hill, on Thursday evening. Very sincerely yours,

"GEO. CANNING.

"P.S. As his majesty has found his hand, could you not submit for his majesty's signature some of the treasury warrants? This is not my business, otherwise than as the whole race of office-men look to the 5th of April, and will look in vain unless there be a royal signature before that day to some one of the papers or parchments, I do not rightly know which."

"G. C."

We offer another:—

"F. O. Nov. 11th, 1836.

"My dear sir,—Sir Walter Scott is returned to England, as I learn from a note of Mr. Croker's, inviting me to meet Sir Walter at dinner next Friday. Is it possible that Sir Walter may take that opportunity of speaking to me about his son? If so, would it not be advisable that I should be apprised of his majesty's gracious interest in the young man's favour beforehand? I will, of course, make a point of finding the means to do what his majesty wishes. But, although Sir Walter Scott and I are old friends, and though his reputation and his misfortunes entitle him to every possible attention, as a member of the government I shall be glad to have the protection of the king's commands in doing an act of kindness by Malachi Malagrowther. Ever, my dear sir, most sincerely yours,

"GEO. CANNING."

A letter from the king, in the same year, shews how kind and considerate his majesty always was:—

"It was fully my intention to have written you a few lines on Christmas-day, but I was then, and had been confined ever since this day se'nnight, to my room, with a general cold and feverish attack, attended with great tightness and oppression upon the chest, and for which, by Sir Henry's advice, we were obliged to have recourse to the lancet, which produced the expected relief, but not such entire relief as to set me free from my chamber, but from which, thank God, I am to emerge this day, by going down to dinner for the first time. My affection for you made me feel that, however I might be suffering myself, it would be both cruel and unjust in me, knowing how very little time you ever allow yourself to pass in comfort with your family (especially at this season of the year), were I to write that to you which, from your affection to me, might have induced you generously to break up your domestic board by coming away to me suddenly, or, at any rate, have cast a damper over those happy, cheerful, and enviable hours, which you cannot fail to enjoy when surrounded by your happy domestic circle; and that long may this be your case, dear friend, my best prayers are, and ever will be offered up. Now, good bye to you. I look forward with impatience to Wednesday next, the 2d, when I rely and depend upon seeing you. Till then, God bless you!—Yours affectionately, G. R."

Sir William having been very ill, we copy the annexed:—

"The interruption in the duties of his situation was much felt by his majesty, as is evidenced by the following letter.

"Dear friend,—For God's sake, for all our sakes, pray, take care of yourself; and do not think, upon any account, of stirring until to-morrow morning. It is true, I am jaded and quite worn out, and writing from my bed, where I have laid down for a little rest; but to-morrow will be quite time enough.

Little or no advance, I regret to say, has as yet been made, amidst, perhaps, almost unravellable perplexities. Yours affectionately,

"G. R."

"St. James's Palace, Friday, April 6, 1837."

"The ensuing passage in one of his majesty's letters, presents a melancholy picture of the bodily infirmity of George IV. during the summer of 1827."

"Royal Lodge, June 18th, 1827."

"As to myself, I am pretty well bodily; but I have little or no use of my poor limbs, for I can neither walk up nor down stairs, and am obliged to be carried, and in general to be wheeled about every where; for my powers of walking, and even of crawling about with crutches, or with the aid of a strong stick, are not in the smallest respect improved since you last saw me,—at the same time that my knees, legs, ankles, and feet, swell more formidably and terribly than ever. This, I am sure, you will agree with me, ought now to be seriously attended to without delay, by some plan devised and steadily acted upon, in order to stop the further progress, and to remedy it effectually and finally; for there is no question it is an increasing and progressive evil (at least so I fear), unless steps be found, and that speedily too, of averting it. You must now have had enough of my epistolary quality; I shall, therefore, dear friend, hasten to a conclusion, with the assurance that I am always your sincere and affectionate friend,

G. R."

The following is curious:—

"Royal Lodge, 5th Dec. 1827."

"I write by a messenger going to town to say, there can be no hesitation respecting Dora's coming to town. I made the king laugh heartily a few minutes since at your anxiety lest his majesty and I had quarrelled. You do not know the newspaper tricks. That paragraph was manufactured for the purposes of mischief. All this is political.—No, no; there is nothing wrong here. His majesty and myself were never on more happy terms of feeling: it is this knowledge that produces public abuse. I hope, with my own peculiar intellect, I need not fear a change; I have nothing to apprehend but my health, and the eternal wear and tear that my frame undergoes from my great exertions. 'The king was very kind towards you, and said, 'Poor little soul! I suppose she is in a fine fuss!' Kiss my dear children. Ever yours, &c."

W. K."

We must, however, conclude, which we do with an anecdote of Byron, told by his doctor:—

"I was," says Sir W. "Lord Byron's medical attendant for some time previously to his marriage. One morning, on making him my accustomed visit, I found the table at which he was writing covered with printer's proof-sheets, scraps of manuscript verses, &c. On my being announced, he neither raised his head nor the pencil from the paper he was rapidly scribbling, but said, 'Be so kind as to take a book, and be silent for two minutes.' A longer time had scarcely elapsed, when he threw down the pencil with an air of satisfaction, exclaiming, 'I have done it at last!' He apologised for claiming a poet's indulgence, saying, that the last four lines of that stanza had given him more trouble than the whole of the poem besides; adding, 'The right words came into my head just as your carriage drove up.' His lordship then rose, and, with a smile, said abruptly, 'Knighton, what do you think I am going to do?—I am going to marry.' I replied, 'I am sorry to hear it, my lord.' 'The devil you are! And why should I not?' 'Because I do not think you are constituted to

be happy in married life.' He looked grave, and, after a pause, said, 'I believe you are right; but the ladies think otherwise,' (alluding to his sister, Mrs. L.) 'However, the die is cast; for I have presented myself in due form to the lady's papa. I had an amicable reception. The only personal question put to me was when I was mounting my horse: Sir Ralph called after me, 'Pray, my Lord, how do you pronounce your name? Birron or By-ron?' I replied, 'BY, sir, spells *by*, all the world over.'"

The Robber; a Tale. By the Author of "Richelieu," "The Gipsy," "Attila," &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1838. Longman and Co.

THE better the story of a novel is, the worse it is for our Review. We are sworn to the whole brotherhood of Novelists not to let out their secrets, so as to injure their interest with the public; and if they will, perversely, as Mr. James has done in the present instance, invent an involved and excellent plot, they might almost as well *gag* the *Gaz.* at once. It is, however, so far fortunate that the reputation of the writer stands too high to need either encomium or long illustration. One of our "top-sawyers" in a class of composition which has assumed a prominent station in the national literature, his name is a sufficient assurance that his work will not only display carefulness and power, but also beauty and genius; that it will not be a thing hurried up inconsiderately for the market; but well weighed and viewed upon all sides, and (to borrow a word which much pleased us as applied to art by M. Waagen) *conscientiously* executed, so as to be made worthy of the character held by its author, and his aspiration for lasting fame.

The Robber is a stirring tale of the merriest days of England as pictured in the admirable song of "the fine old English Gentleman." The *dramatis personæ* are nobles, county gentlemen, justices of the quorum and *custodes rotulorum*, fair maidens, serving men, the robber and his associates, innkeepers, lawyers, farmers, and two or three characters of original conception, and drawn with much vigour. Among these are Bertha, a foreign domestic; Mona, another exquisite female portrait; Jocelyn, a faithful boy; and Silly John, an individual of rare importance throughout. Avoiding, as our custom is, the intricacies of the fable, we shall endeavour to afford some idea of Mr. James's performance by selecting a few passages of various kinds as specimens of fancy, style, and mind. How just, for example, is the following description of the people:—

"The court and the country were at that period—with the present we have nothing to do—two completely distinct and separate climates; and, while the wits and the libertines, the fops and the soldiers, the poets and the philosophers, of the reigns of Charles, James, William, and Anne, formed a world in which debauchery, vice, strife, evil passion, rage, jealousy, and hatred, seemed the only occupations of genius, and the true sphere for talent: while Oxford and Cambridge had their contentions, and vied with the capital in nourishing feuds and follies of their own; there was a calm and quiet world apart, amidst the shady brooks, and sunny fields, and dancing streams of merry England; a world which knew but little of the existence of the other, except when the vices, or follies, or crimes of the world of the court called upon the world of the country to resist the encroachments of its neighbours, and defend its own quiet prosperity. From the peasant who tilled the glebe, and whistled to out-

sing the lark over his happy toil, up to the lord of the manor, the knight whose many ancestors had all been knights before him, the countrymen of England mingled hardly, if at all, with the world of the metropolis and of the court; except, indeed, when some aspiring spirit, filled with good viands and a fair conceit, raised his wishes to be knight of the shire, and sit in parliament amongst the more courtly of the land; or else when some borough sent its representative to the senate to bring down strange tales of London life, and fresh fashions for the wives and daughters. There was, indeed, a connecting link between the two states of being we have described, afforded by the old hereditary nobility of the land; many members of which still lingered by the ancestral hall, as yet unallured from the calm delights of rural life, and the dignified satisfaction of dwelling amongst their own people, even by all the amusements or luxuries of the capital. An annual visit to London, an appearance in the court of the sovereign and the house of peers at certain times, varied the existence of this class of men; and, neither liking, comprehending, nor esteeming the wits and foplings of the metropolis, they returned, well pleased to hold their ancient state in the country, bearing renewed importance amongst the county gentlemen around, from this fresh visit to the fountain of all honours and distinctions. Great, indeed, was their importance amongst their neighbours at all times—far greater than we, in the present day, can well picture to ourselves; for, independent of the consequence acquired by spending large incomes within a limited sphere, the feeling of feudal influence was not extinct, though the fact had become a non-entity; and the tenantry on a great man's estate looked up to him, in those days, with the greater veneration and devotion because they were not compelled to do so. Above the tenantry again, the squire and the magistrate, who not only owed a great part of their comfort in the county, their consideration with their neighbours, and their estimation in their own eyes, to the degree of favour in which they stood with the earl, the marquess, or the duke; but who might at any time be rendered uncomfortable and persecuted, if not oppressed, in case they forfeited his good graces, failed not to shew their reverence for him on every legitimate occasion, and sometimes perhaps went a little further also. Thus, of the little hierarchy of the county, there was generally some nobleman as the chief, and from him it descended through baronets, lords of the manor, knights, justices, squires, and many an *et cetera*, down to the lowest class of all, who still looked up to that chief, and would tell the passer-by, with much solemn truth, that 'the earl was quite a king in his own part of the world.'"

And again, how like a fine landscape painting is the following:—

"The scene before the traveller's eyes was one on which it is pleasant to dwell; the centre street of a small country town, many miles from a great city. There were a few light clouds in the sky, but they did not interrupt the rays of the great orb of light, who was yet low down in the heaven; and the shadows of the manifold white houses, with their peaked gables turned towards the street, fell more than half across the road, forming a fanciful pattern on the ground; the yellow sunshine and the blue shade lying clear and distinct, except where a little fountain burst forth half way down the town, and mingled the two together. It was, as I have said, a cool and pleasant scene for the eye to rest upon; and even the

casements of the houses opposite, shaded by the close-drawn white curtain, gave an idea of calm and happy repose. The world within were all yet asleep: the toil, the anxiety, the care, the strife of active life, had not yet begun. The eye of the traveller rested upon the picture apparently well pleased. It gazed contemplative up the street to where the road had been made to take a turn, in order to avoid the brow of the gentle hill on which the town was built; and which, crowned with houses of pleasant irregularity, interrupted the further view in that direction; and then that eye turned downward to the place where the highway opened out into the country beyond, after passing over a small bright stream by a brick bridge of ancient date. Over the bridge were slowly wending at the same moment a long line of cattle, lowing as they went forth to pasture, with a herd following in tuneful mood, and neither hurrying himself nor them. The stranger's eye rested on them for a single moment, but then roved on to the landscape which was spread out beyond the bridge, and on it he gazed as curiously as if he had been a painter. On it, too, we must pause, for it has matter for our consideration. The centre of the picture presented a far view over a bright and smiling country, with large masses of woodland, sloping up in blue lines to some tall brown hills at the distance of ten or twelve miles. A gleaming peep of the river was caught in the foreground, with a sandy bank crowned with old trees; and above the trees, again, appeared the high slated roofs of a mansion, whose strong walls, formed of large flints cemented together, might also here and there be seen looking forth, gray and heavy, through the green, light foliage. Three or four casements, too, were apparent, but not enough of the house was visible to afford any sure indication of its extent, though the massiveness of the walls, the width of the spaces between the windows, the size of the roofs, and the multitude of the chimneys, instantly made one mentally call it 'The Manor House.' This mansion seemed to be at the distance of about a mile from the town; but, upon a rising ground, on the opposite side of the picture, seen above bridge and trees, and the first slopes of the offscap, appeared, at the distance of seven or eight miles, or more, a large irregular mass of building, apparently constructed of gray stone, and, in some places, covered with ivy—at least, if one might so interpret the dark stains apparent even at that distance upon various parts of its face. There was a deep wood behind it, from which it stood out conspicuously, as the morning sun poured clear upon it; and in front appeared what might either be a deer park filled with stunted hawthorn and low chestnut-trees, or a wide common. Such was the scene on which the traveller gazed, as standing in front of the deep double-seated porch of the little inn, he looked down the road to the country beyond. There was no moving object before his eyes but the herd passing over the bridge; there was no sound but the lowing of the cattle, the whistling of their driver, and a bright lark singing far up in the blue sky."

The feeling and poetry of this may prepare the reader for a not less charming delineation of a master passion in the human heart.

"There has scarcely been a poet or a prose writer, in any country, or in any tongue, who has not first declared that there is nothing like love, and then attempted to liken it to something. The truth is, that fine essence is compounded of so many sweet things, that, though

we may find some resemblance to this or that peculiar quality which forms a part, we shall find nothing which can compare with the whole;—nothing so bright, nothing so sweet, nothing so entrancing, nothing so ennobling,—must we add, nothing so rare? Every fool and every villain impudently fancies that he can love; without knowing that his very nature renders it impossible to him. Every libertine and every *débauché* talks of love; without knowing that he has destroyed, in his own bosom, the power of comprehending what love is; that he has shut down and batted the pure fountain that can never be opened again. Every one who can feel a part of love,—and that, in general, the coarser part,—believes that he has the high privilege of loving; as though a man were to drink the mere lees, and call it wine. Oh, no! How infinite are the qualities requisite,—each giving strength, and vigour, and fire to the other! There must be a pure and noble heart, capable of every generous and every ardent feeling; there must be a grand and comprehensive mind, able to form and receive every elevated thought and fine idea; there must be a warm and vivid imagination, to sport with, and combine, and brighten every beautiful theme of fancy; there must be a high and unearthly soul, giving the spirit's intensity to the earthly passion. Even when all this is done, it is but a sweet melody; the harmony is incomplete, till there be another being tuned alike, and breathing, not similar, but responsive tones. Then, and not till then, there may be love. Man, lay thy hand upon thy heart, and ask thyself, 'Is it not so with me?' If so, happy, thrice and fully happy, art thou. If not, strive that it may be so; for, rightly felt, the most ennobling of all earthly impulses is love."

With these very imperfect quotations, we must leave the *Robber* to the popularity which awaits him. Franklin Gray, who sustains that part, is boldly drawn; and the desperate adventures in which all parties mingle, are of a stirring nature, and strikingly painted whether in daring encounter or mysterious opposition. The under life and the scenery give a pleasant relief to the sterner issues of fraud, and force, and bloodshed; and, taken altogether as a well-contrived plot, or, as a spirited conception of living men acting under extraordinary circumstances, we consider this to be one of Mr James's most interesting and able productions.

Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities; or, the Hunting, Shooting, Racing, Driving, Sailing, Eating, Eccentric, and Extravagant Exploits of that Renowned Sporting Citizen, Mr. John Jorrocks, of St. Botolph Lane and Great Coram Street. With Twelve Illustrations by Philz. 8vo. pp. 358. London, 1838. Spiers.

A PREFACE states that these papers have appeared in the "New Sporting Magazine," where their popularity was so marked as to lead to their separate publication in this goodly volume. We are inclined to think that popularity well merited, and the present course "all right;" for the book is one to be relished in all sporting circles, and to find a place on every shelf where the various *items* enumerated on the title-page are held in consideration. The sketches are, indeed, very lively, and display much cleverness and talent. With a dash of caricature humour, they are, nevertheless, drawn from and to the life. The descriptions are amusing, and the portraits, whole or half-length, touched with a true hand. There is, also, a spirit and sparkle about the whole, which give an entertaining effect to the style and re-

marks of a writer who seems to be "wide awake" to the world about him, and an acute observer of men and manners.

It is not often our custom to repeat aught that has already been seen in the pages of a contemporary periodical; but, as many who read the *Gazette* may be unacquainted with the "Sporting Magazine" (and *vice versa*), we shall take leave to borrow a few brief proofs from the work before us, to illustrate the opinion we have passed upon the lucubrations of the illustrious Jorrocks.

An exordium exclaims,—

"Away, thou vampire, Indolence, that suckest the marrow of imagination, and fattenest on the cream of idea ere yet it floated on the milk of reflection! Hence! slug-begotten hag, thy power is gone,—the murky veil thou'st drawn o'er memory's sweetest page is rent!"

"Harp of Eastcheap, awake!"

A "Swell" apparition in the midst of a cockney Surrey hunt, is a fair specimen of the talent in drawing character.

"At this interesting period, a 'regular swell' from Melton Mowbray, unknown to every one except his tailor, to whom he owes a long tick, makes his appearance, and affords abundance of merriment for our sportsmen. He is just turned out of the hands of his valet, and presents the very *beau idéal* of his caste—'quite the lady,' in fact. His hat is stuck on one side, displaying a profusion of well-waxed ringlets; a corresponding infinity of whisker, terminating at the chin, there joins an enormous pair of moustaches, which give him the appearance of having caught the fox himself, and stuck its brush below his nose. His neck is very stiff; and the exact Jacksonlike fit of his coat (which almost nips him in two at the waist), and his superlative well-cleaned leather Andersons, together with the perfume, and the general puppyism of his appearance, proclaim that he is a 'swell' of the very first water, and one that a Surrey sportsman would like to buy at his own price, and sell at the other's. In addition to this, his boots, which his 'fellow' has just denuded from a pair of wash-leather covers, are of the finest, brightest, blackest, patent leather imaginable; the left one being the identical boot by which Warren's monkey shaved himself, while the right is the one at which the game-cock pecked, mistaking its own shadow for an opponent, the mark of its bill being still visible above the instep; and the tops—whose pampered appetites have been fed on champagne—are of the most delicate cream-colour, the whole devoid of mud or speck. The animal he bestrides is no less calculated than himself to excite the risible faculties of the field, being a sort of mouse colour, with a dun mane and tail, got by Nicolo, out of a Flibbertygibbet mare, and he stands seventeen hands and an inch. His head is small and bloodlike, his girth a mere trifle, and his legs, very long and spidery, of course without any hair at the pasterns to protect them from the flints; his whole appearance bespeaking him fitter to run for half-mile hunters' stakes at Croxton Park or Leicester, than contend for foxes' brushes in such a splendid country as the Surrey. There he stands, with his tail stuck tight between his legs, shivering and shaking for all the world as if troubled with a fit of ague. And well he may, poor beast, for—oh, men of Surrey, London, Kent, and Middlesex, hearken to my word—on closer inspection he proves to have been shaved!!!"

"Shaving was in great vogue at Melton some seasons back. It was succeeded by clipping, and clipping by singeing."

From among the hundred little sparkling bits we copy the following examples:—

"Thus they proceeded, laughing and singing, until the Bury pay-gate arrested their progress, when it occurred to the steersman to ask if they were going right. 'Be this the way to Newmarket races?' inquired Jorrocks of the pike-keeper. The man dived into the small pocket of his white apron for a ticket, and very coolly replied, 'Shell out, old 'un.' 'How much?' said Jorrocks. 'Tuppence;' which having got, he said, 'now, then, you may turn, for the heath be over yonder,' pointing back; 'at least it was there this morning, I know.' After a volley of abuse for his impudence, Mr. Jorrocks, with some difficulty, got the old mare pulled round, for she had a deuced hard mouth of her own, and only a plain snaffle in it; at last, however, with the aid of a boy to beat her with a furze bush, they got her set a-going again, and, retracing their steps, they trotted 'down street,' rose the hill, and entered the spacious wide-ex-*ending* flat of Newmarket leath."

A dinner party coming to Jorrocks's house.

"The general postman had given the final flourish to his bell, and the muffin-girl had just begun to tinkle hers, when a capacious yellow hackney-coach, with a faded scarlet hammer-cloth, was seen jolting down Great Coram Street, and pulling up at Mr. Jorrocks's door. Before Jarvey had time to apply his hand to the area bell, after giving the usual three knocks and a half to the brass lion's head on the door, it was opened by the boy Benjamin, in a new drab coat, with a blue collar, and white sugar-loaf buttons, drab waistcoat, and black velvet breeches, with well-darned white cotton stockings. The knock drew Mr. Jorrocks from his dining-room, where he had been acting the part of butler, for which purpose he had put off his coat and appeared in his shirt sleeves, dressed in nankeen shorts, white gauze silk stockings, white neckcloth, and white waistcoat, with a frill as large as a hand-saw. Handing the bottle and corkscrew to Betsey, he shuffled himself into a smart new blue Saxony coat, with velvet collar and metal buttons, and advanced into the passage to greet the arrivals.

"But come, gentlemen," resumed Mr. Jorrocks, "let's be after going up stairs.—Benjamin, announce the gentlemen as your missis taught you.—Open the door with your left hand, and stretch the right towards her, to let the company see the point to make up to." The party ascend the stairs, one at a time, for the flight is narrow, and rather abrupt; and Benjamin, obeying his worthy master's injunctions, threw open the front drawing-room door, and discovered Mrs. Jorrocks sitting in state at a round table, with annals and albums spread at orthodox distances around. The possession of this room had long been a bone of contention between Mr. Jorrocks and his spouse; but at length they had accommodated matters, by Mr. Jorrocks gaining undivided possession of the back drawing-room (communicating by folding doors), with the run of the front one, equally with Mrs. Jorrocks on non-company days. A glance, however, shewed which was the master's, and which the mistress's room. The front one was papered with weeping willows, bending under the weight of ripe cherries on a white ground, and the chair-cushions were covered with pea-green cotton velvet with yellow worsted bindings. The round table was made of rose-wood, and there was a 'what not' on the right of the fire-place of similar material, containing a handsomely bound collection

of Sir Walter Scott's works, in wood. The carpet-pattern consisted of most dashing bouquets of many-coloured flowers, in winding French horns on a very light drab ground—so light, indeed, that Mr. Jorrocks was never allowed to tread upon it except in pumps or slippers. The bell-pulls were made of foxes' brushes; and in the frame of the looking-glass, above the white marble mantel-piece, were stuck visiting cards, notes of invitation, thanks for 'obliging inquiries,' &c., &c. The hearth-rug exhibited a bright yellow tiger, with pink eyes, on a blue ground, with a flossy green border; and the fender and fire-irons were of shining brass. On the wall, immediately opposite the fire-place, was a portrait of Mrs. Jorrocks before she was married, so unlike her present self that no one would have taken it for her. The back drawing-room, which looked out upon the gravel walk and house-backs beyond, was papered with bread scarlet and green stripes, in honour of the Surrey-hunt uniform, and was set out with a green-covered library table in the centre, with a red morocco hunting chair between it and the window, and several good strong hair-bottomed mahogany chairs around the walls. The table had a very literary air, being strewn with sporting magazines, odd numbers of 'Bell's Life,' pamphlets, and papers of various descriptions; while on a sheet of foolscap on the portfolio were ten lines of an elegy on a gilet pie which had been broken in coming from the baker's, at which Mr. Jorrocks had been hammering for some time. On the side opposite the fire-place, on a hanging range of mahogany shelves, were ten volumes of 'Bell's Life in London,' 'The New Sporting Magazine,' bound, gilt and lettered, 'The Memoirs of Harriette Wilson,' 'Boxiana,' 'Taplin's Farriery,' 'Nimrod's Life of Mytton,' and a baggammon board that Mr. Jorrocks had bought by mistake for a History of England.

"Presently, a loud long-protracted 'rat-tat-tat-tan, rat-tat-tat-tan,' at the street door, sounded through the house; and Jorrocks, with a slap on his thigh, exclaimed, 'By jingo! there's Green. No man knocks with such wiggorous violence as he does. All Great Coram Street and parts adjacent know when he comes. Julius Cæsar himself couldn't kick up a greater row.' 'What Green is it—Green of Rolleston?' inquired Nimrod, thinking of his Leicestershire friend. 'No,' said Mr. Jorrocks, 'Green of Tooley Street. You'll have heard of the Greens in the Borough, 'emp, 'op, and 'ide (hemp, hop, and hide) merchants—numerous family, numerous as the 'airs in my vig. This is James Green, jun., whose father, old James Green, jun., *verd antique* as I call him, is the son of James Green, sen., who is in the 'emp line, and James is own cousin to young old James Green, sen., whose father is in the 'ide line.' The remainder of the pedigree was lost by Benjamin throwing open the door and announcing Mr. Green; and Jemmy, who had been exchanging his cloth boots for patent-leather pumps, came bounding up stairs like a racket-ball."

As a finale, we have only to notice that Phiz's etchings are quite worthy of the text—very characteristic and very clever.

Life of Sir Walter Scott, Vol. VII. 12mo. 1838. Edinburgh, Cadell; London, Murray; Whittaker and Co.

THIS, the last volume of Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, is one possessing greater interest, in our mind, than all the others together; and it was our intention, in this No. of

the *Gazette*, to have entered at some length into its consideration. But a more immediate review has usurped its place; and we must reserve the notice for yet another week. Meanwhile we cannot avoid saying, that it seems happy, for the lasting fame of this great man, that heavy misfortune fell upon him. His strenuous and indefatigable efforts, previous to that epoch, might be referred to sordid or ambitious objects; but when he came to devote himself, heart and soul, with increased energy and failing health, to the task of liquidating every demand of his creditors, his struggle was one of unquestionable and unsullied glory. The details are contained in this volume, and much from his own diary and correspondence, which are full of beautiful and impressive matter. His Sun, when high in the firmament, was suddenly wrapped in cloud and storm; but, in its effulgent descent, it threw a radiance of splendour around it which illumined earth and sky, and its sinking was even more glorious than its rise.

We can this week give only one extract. Sir Walter's Rules for presiding at a public dinner:

"1st, Always hurry the bottle round for five or six rounds, without prosing yourself, or permitting others to prose. A slight filip of wine inclines people to be pleased, and removes the nervousness which prevents men from speaking—disposes them, in short, to be amusing and to be amused. 2d, Push on, keep moving, as Young Rapid says. Do not think of saying fine things—nobody cares for them any more than for fine music, which is often too liberally bestowed on such occasions. Speak at all ventures, and attempt the *mot pour rire*. You will find people satisfied with wonderfully indifferent jokes, if you can but hit the taste of the company, which depends much on its character. Even a very high party, primed with all the cold irony and *non est tanti* feelings or no feelings of fashionable folks, may be stormed by a jovial, rough, round, and ready preses. Choose your text with discretion—the sermon may be as you like. Should a drunkard or an ass break in with any thing out of joint, if you can parry it with a jest, good and well—if not, do not exert your serious authority, unless it is something very bad. The authority even of a chairman ought to be very cautiously exercised. With patience you will have the support of every one. 3d, When you have drunk a few glasses to play the good-fellow, and banish modesty—(if you are unlucky enough to have such a troublesome companion)—then beware of the cup too much. Nothing is so ridiculous as a drunken preses. Lastly, always speak short, and *skeech doch na skiel*—cut a tale with a drink.

'This is the purpose and intent Of guide Schir Walter's testament.'

Southey's Poetical Works, Vol. VI. 8vo. pp. 285. London, 1838. Longman and Co.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, Cornwall, and the Well of St. Keyne, are the beautiful embellishments of this volume; and the volume itself contains an interesting collection of short poems, some of them scarcely known to the public. The following specimen of these appeared originally in the "Sun" Newspaper, and the editor at that time was not aware whence it came, but ascribed it to another individual.

"The March to Moscow.
The Emperor Nap he would set off
On a summer excursion to Moscow;
The fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

Four hundred thousand men and more
Must go with him to Moscow;
There were marshals by the dozen,
And dukes by the score;
Princes a few, and kings one or two;
While the fields are so green, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!
There was Junot and Augereau,
Heigh-ho for Moscow!
Dombrowsky and Poniatowsky,
Marshal Ney, lack-a-day!
General Rapp and the Emperor Nap;
Nothing would do
While the fields were so green, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
Nothing would do
For the whole of this crew,
But they must be marching to Moscow.
The Emperor Nap he talked so big
That he frighten'd Mr. Roscoe.
John Bull, he cries, if you'll be wise,
Ask the Emperor Nap if he will please,
To grant you peace upon your knees,
Because he is going to Moscow!
He'll make all the Poles come out of their holes,
And beat the Russians and cut the Prussians,
For the fields are green, and the sky is blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And he'll certainly march to Moscow!
And Counsellor Brougham was all in a fume
At the thought of the march to Moscow:
The Russians, he said, they were undone,
And the great Fee-Faw-Fum
Would presently come
With a hop, step, and jump, across London.
For as for his conquering Russia,
However some persons might scoff it,
Do it he could, and do it he would,
And from doing it nothing would come but good,
And nothing could call him off it.
Mr. Jeffrey said so, who must certainly know,
For he was the Edinburgh Prophet.
They all of them knew Mr. Jeffrey's Review,
Which with Holy Writ ought to be reckon'd;
It was through thick and thin to its party true;
Its back was buff, and its sides were blue;
Morbleu! Parbleu!
It served them for Law and for Gospel too.
But the Russians stoutly they turned-to
Upon the road to Moscow.
Nap had to fight his way all through;
They could fight, though they could not parlez-vous;
But the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And so he got to Moscow.
He found the place too warm for him,
For they set fire to Moscow.
To get there had cost him much ado,
And then no better course he knew,
While the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
But to march back again from Moscow.
The Russians they stuck close to him,
All on the road from Moscow.
There was Tornazow and Jemaloff;
And all the others that end in 'off';
Milarodovitch and Jaladovitch,
And Karatschlowitch,
And all the others that end in 'itch';
Schamscheff, Souchoasneff,
And Schepapaleff,
And all the others that end in 'eff';
Wasiltschikoff, Kostomarov,
And Tchogloloff,
And all the others that end in 'off';
Rajeffsky and Novereffsky,
And Tieffsky,
And all the others that end in 'effsky';
Osharoffsky and Rostoffsky;
And all the others that end in 'offsky';
And Platoff he play'd them off,
And Shouvaloff he shovell'd them off,
And Markoff he mark'd them off,
And Krosnoff he cross'd them off,
And Tuchkoff he touch'd them off,
And Boroskoff he bored them off,
And Kutosoff he cut them off,
And Parenzoff he pared them off,
And Worronzoff he worried them off,
And Doctoroff he doctor'd them off,
And Rodionoff he flogged them off,
And last of all an Admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name,
A name which you all know by sight very well;
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell.
They stuck close to Nap with all their might,
They were on the left and on the right,
Behind and before, and by day and by night,
He would rather parlez-vous than fight;
But he look'd white and he look'd blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
When parlez-vous no more would do,
For they remember'd Moscow.
And then came on the frost and snow
All on the road from Moscow,

The wind and weather he found in that hour
Cared nothing for him nor for all his power;
For him who, while Europe crouch'd under his rod,
Put his trust in his Fortune, and not in his God.
Worse and worse every day the elements grew,
The fields were so white and the sky so blue,
Sacrelui! Ventrebleu!
What a horrible journey from Moscow.
What then thought the Emperor Nap
Upon the road from Moscow?
Why, I ween he thought it small delight
To fight all day, and to freeze all night;
And he was, besides, in a very great fright,
For a whole skin he liked to be in;
And so, not knowing what else to do,
When the fields were so white and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
He stole away, I tell you true,
Upon the road from Moscow.
'T is myself, quoth he, I must mind most;
So the Devil may take the hindmost.
Too cold upon the road was he,
Too hot had he been at Moscow;
But colder and hotter he may be,
For the grave is colder than Moscow;
And a place there is to be kept in view
Where the fire is red and the brimstone blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
Which he must go to,
If the Pope say true,
If he does not in time look about him;
Where his namesake almost
He may have for his Host,
He has reckon'd too long without him,
If that host get him in purgatory,
He won't leave him there alone with his glory;
But there he must stay for a very long day,
For from thence there is no stealing away,
As there was on the road from Moscow."

No. I. of the Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby. By "Boz." 8vo. pp. 32. London, 1838. Chapman and Hall.

A COMPANION to "Pickwick" and "Oliver Twist" is an advent in our popular literature, the commencement of which cannot be passed without notice; and, though we never borrow largely from our periodical contemporaries, it would ill become a journal which affects to furnish a picture of the passing time (in so far as arts, science, and letters, are concerned), not to hold out a welcome to any novelty from so justly successful and distinguished a writer. It is difficult to offer an opinion worthy of regard, after merely the perusal of thirty-two pages; and pages, too, devoted to the cramping design of opening a work, and bringing its *people* upon the canvass. But we have no hesitation in stating, that to us it appears there will be no falling off, either in the personages who are to figure on this scene, or in the interest attached to their proceedings. Ralph Nickleby, the money-scraping and heartless usurer of Golden Square; his miserable underling, Newland Noggs; and Wackford Squeers, the cheap Yorkshire schoolmaster, are even already vigorous and striking portraits; and, perhaps, we should add the canting oil and colourman, Snawley, to the list, though we have not quite so much of him. The other characters, as they are sketched in, are also individualised by truly natural touches; and in all we observe that keen observation of men and things which has contributed, in his preceding publications, to give Mr. Dickens so firm a claim upon readers of every class and order. The same sarcastic humour is also evident; and we should say that it is ever aimed at the pillorying of folly, or the whipping of vice. Our author takes up the cause of the weak against the strong, of the oppressed against the oppressor; and it is a compliment he well deserves, that he has written nothing which does not do as much honour to his heart as to his head.

Two or three passages must tell the rest. Here is a poor family and a windfall.

"After five years, when Mrs. Nickleby had presented her husband with a couple of sons, and that embarrassed gentleman, impressed with the necessity of making some provision for

his family, was seriously revolving in his mind a little commercial speculation of insuring his life next quarter day, and then falling from the top of the Monument by accident, there came one morning, by the general post, a black-bordered letter to inform him how his uncle, Mr. Ralph Nickleby, was dead, and had left him the bulk of his little property, amounting in all to five thousand pounds sterling. As the deceased had taken no further notice of his nephew in his lifetime, than sending to his eldest boy (who had been christened after him, on desperate speculation) a silver spoon in a morocco case, which, as he had not too much to eat with it, seemed a kind of satire upon his having been born without that useful article of plate in his mouth, Mr. Godfrey Nickleby could at first scarcely believe the tidings thus conveyed to him. On further examination, however, they turned out to be strictly correct. The amiable old gentleman, it seemed, had intended to leave the whole to the Royal Humane Society, and had, indeed, executed a will to that effect; but the institution having been unfortunate enough, a few months before, to save the life of a poor relation to whom he paid a weekly allowance of three shillings and sixpence, he had, in a fit of very natural exasperation, revoked the bequest in a codicil, and left it all to Mr. Godfrey Nickleby; with a special mention of his indignation, not only against the society for saving the poor relation's life, but against the poor relation also, for allowing himself to be saved."

Henceforward, Golden Square will be classical ground.

"Mr. Ralph Nickleby was not, strictly speaking, what you would call a merchant: neither was he a banker, nor an attorney, nor a special pleader, nor a notary. He was certainly not a tradesman, and still less could he lay any claim to the title of a professional gentleman; for it would have been impossible to mention any recognised profession to which he belonged. Nevertheless, as he lived in a spacious house in Golden Square, which, in addition to a brass plate upon the street-door, had another brass plate, two sizes and a half smaller, upon the left hand door-post, surmounting a brass model of an infant's fist grasping a fragment of a skewer, and displaying the word 'Office,' it was clear that Mr. Ralph Nickleby did, or pretended to do, business of some kind; and the fact, if it required any further circumstantial evidence, was abundantly demonstrated by the diurnal attendance, between the hours of half-past nine and five, of a sallow-faced man in rusty brown, who sat upon an uncommonly hard stool in a species of butler's pantry at the end of the passage, and always had a pen behind his ear when he answered the bell. Although a few members of the graver professions live about Golden Square, it is not exactly in any body's way to or from any where. It is one of the squares that have been; a quarter of the town that has gone down in the world, and taken to letting lodgings. Many of its first and second floors are let furnished to single gentlemen; and it takes boarders besides. It is a great resort of foreigners. The dark-complexioned men who wear large rings, and heavy watch-guards and bushy whiskers, and who congregate under the opera colonnade, and about the box-office in the season, between four and five in the afternoon, when Mr. Seguin gives away the orders,—all live in Golden Square, or within a street of it. Two or three violins and a wind instrument from the opera band reside within its precincts. Its boarding-houses are musical; and the notes of pianos

and harps float in the evening time round the head of the mournful statue, the guardian genius of a little wilderness of shrubs, in the centre of the square. On a summer's night, windows are thrown open, and groups of swarthy mustachio'd men are seen by the passer-by lounging at the casements, and smoking fearfully. Sounds of gruff voices practising vocal music invade the evening's silence, and the fumes of choice tobacco scent the air. There, snuff and cigars, and German pipes and flutes, and violins, and violoncellos, divide the supremacy between them. It is the region of song and smoke. Street bands are on their mettle in Golden Square, and itinerant gleesingers quaver involuntarily as they raise their voices within its boundaries."

A lodging in the Strand is equally good.

"A miniature-painter lived there, for there was a large gilt frame screwed upon the street-door, in which were displayed, upon a black velvet ground, two portraits of naval dress coats with faces looking out of them and telescopes attached; one of a young gentleman in a very vermilion uniform, flourishing a sabre; and one of a literary character with a high forehead, a pen and ink, six books, and a curtain. There was, moreover, a touching representation of a young lady reading a manuscript in an unfathomable forest, and a charming whole-length of a large-headed little boy, sitting on a stool with his legs fore-shortened to the size of salt-spoons. Besides these works of art, there were a great many heads of old ladies and gentlemen smirking at each other out of blue and brown skies, and an elegantly written card of terms with an embossed border."

An episode in ridicule of Joint Stock Companies, seems to us to be caricatured and not particularly laughable, though the hits are clever and characteristic; the etchings by Quiz are particularly so, and the outer cover capital.

Hood's Own, No. III. London, 1838.

Baily and Co.

IN this Number the novelties (in the midst of some of the best laughable old stuff) are the "Elland Meeting," "Serio-Comic Reminiscences," and "The Apparition," besides five new cuts, not unworthy of their ancient companionship. The "Elland Meeting" has a playful introduction upon a literary club of both sexes; "assembled weekly at the house of some fellow that had a house, where an original essay was first read by the author, and then submitted to discussion, much as a school-boy first spins his top, and then lays it down to be pegged at by the rest of the company."

In this a female *début* is described as "the voice that would not come, and the tremor that would not go—the frame inclining to sink, and the head determined to swim,—the distinct consciousness of the presence of the body, with the indistinct impression of the absence of the mind."

The great meeting, however, is of women against the poor laws, with a report of their speeches and proceedings. Upon these Mr. Hood remarks:—

"When the Steam Washing Company was first established, there was a loud and shrill outcry against what was facetiously called the cock laundresses, who was roundly accused of a shameful invasion of woman's provinces, and favoured with many sneering recommendations to wear mob caps, and go in stuff petticoats and patters. But if Hercules with the distaff be but a sorry spectacle, surely Omphale with the club cuts scarcely a better figure. The he creatures may now fairly retort, that it is as

consistent with manhood to go out washing, as for womanhood to do chairing at a public meeting. If it be out of character for a fellow in a coat and continuations to be firsting and seconding linen, it is equally anomalous for a creature in petticoats to be firsting and seconding political resolutions; and for my own part, as a matter of taste, I would rather see a gentleman blowing up a copper flue, than a lady blowing up the foulness of the poor law."

The "Reminiscence" is of Joe Grimaldi; and the "Apparition," some humorous lines to Mr. Murphy, which, as we have discarded the weather prophecies, we like to quote, especially as we are favoured with a specimen of their wooden illustration, "the Moon on the Wain" (not Charley's), and, what is more, have the pleasure of adding Hood's concluding verses, which, owing to an accident in the press of making up the No., were somehow or other left out.

"The Apparition."

In the dead of the night, when, from beds that are turfy,
The spirits rise up on old cronies to call,
Came a shade from the Shades on a visit to Murphy,
Who had not foreseen such a visit at all.

"Don't shiver and shake," said the mild Apparition
'I'm come to your bed with no evil design;
I'm the spirit of Moore, Francis Moore the Physician,
Once great like yourself in the Almanack line.

Like you I was once a great prophet on weather,
And deem'd to possess a more prescient knack
Than dogs, frogs, pigs, cattle, or cats, all together,
The donkeys that bray, and the dillies that quack.

With joy, then, as ashes retain former passion,
I saw my old mantle lugg'd out from the shelf,
Tum'd, trimm'd, and brush'd up, and again brought in
fashion,
I seem'd to be almost reviving myself!

But, oh! from my joys there was soon a sad cante—
As too many cooks make a mull of the broth—
To find that two Prophets were under my mantle,
And pulling two ways at the risk of the cloth.

Unless you would meet with an awkwardish tumble,
Oh! join like the Siamese twins in your jumps;
Just fancy if Faith on her Prophets should stumble,
The one in his clogs, and the other in pumps!

But, think how the people would worship and wonder,
To find you 'hail fellows, well met,' in your hail,
In one tune with your rain, and your wind and your thunder,
'Fore God,' they would cry, 'they are both in a tale!'

The following are the omitted stanzas:—

"Oh! ponder this well, both for fame and for mammon;
And now, let me ask, with Believers agog,
Wherefore go, so to speak, but a part of the gammon,
Instead of the whole great oracular Hog?

From low vulgar folks to the highest of stations,
A peep into Fate is a popular boon;
Why not mix a few hints from the old constellations,
Along with the wisdom you get from the moon?

Of jars and intrigues, and political rumours,
The times are as fertile as ever they've been;
To furnish with texts for prophetic rumours,
Suppose, by the way, that you married the Queen?

There's Spain—you might privately toss up a shilling,
To give the Christinos or Carlists the call—
Or, Louis Philippe takes a great deal of killing—
And some shooting star might portend him a ball.

Suppose that in Prussia you promised rebelling—
Great Frederick William alarmed on his throne;
And Rhinelanders, sour as their wines, all repelling
His troops with a squirt and some Eau de Cologne.

Then Russia—depict the two heads of her Eagle,
All bloody and raw, by a fight inter se—
And the public attention the more to inveigle,
Declare that you had that prediction from Me!

More Moore would have said, but the cock on the steeple,
With shrill rusty screech, he mistook for a crow,
Gave warning, it seemed, all phantomish people,
And sent him to lie at his moorings below."



MISCELLANEOUS.

The Student; or, the Midland Counties' Literary Repository, No. 1. Pp. 45. London, 1838. Simpkin and Marshall.

It is an agreeable prospect to see the taste for literature spreading itself, and assuming manifest forms, throughout every quarter of the island. This is the first Number of a periodical intended as a repository and circulating medium for the talent to be found in our Midland Counties; and Nottingham, Newark, and Southwell, are its head-quarters. Of the *débat*, we can state that it contains some very pleasing

articles both in prose and verse; and is, altogether, creditable to the contributors, among whom we notice several authors who have published separate works, such as Mr. Thomas Ragg, Mr. Edmund Hope, and Mr. T. J. Ouseley. A song, at page 8, is the most barbarous attempt at Scotch that we ever saw.

Peter King. Par Mars. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1838.

We have been rather amused with these volumes; which the author, who has lived some years in England, intends to illustrate the manners and customs of this country. He, how-

ever, is seldom correct; and, were we not gravely told in the preface that such was the intention, we should be inclined to look upon his work as a good-humoured quiz upon English society.

The Pruning Knife. Pp. 59. (London, Stocking.)—A satirical poem touching at politics, but principally at the existing state of literature. It is not very forcible.

The Hand-Book of Cookery. Pp. 164. (London, Orr.)—One of the useful household books, of which there are many in the gastronomic-public-market.

A Love Token for Children, by the Author of "The Linwoods." Pp. 160. (London, Bentley.)—A charming little work, full of interest, and inculcating the best and purest principles.

Phrenology.—1. *Colloquies between a Phrenologist and the Shade of Dugald Stewart,* by J. Slade, M.D., &c. Pp. 336. (London, Parbury and Co.)—2. *The Philosophy of Phrenology Simplified,* by a Member of the Society, Glasgow, &c. Pp. 129. (Glasgow, McPhun; London, Cotes; Edinburgh, Whyte and Co.)—3. *Phrenology Explained in Connection with the Scriptures,* by J. White, M.A. Pp. 22. (London, Simpkin and Marshall.)—The first, the title of which may be abbreviated "Slade versus Shade," is a laboured refutation of objections to phrenology, in which the author discusses many of the objections to that theory, and, at any rate, removes the doubts which he is pleased to raise in the breast of the Shade of Dugald Stewart. A portrait of that distinguished metaphysician is prefixed, which looks with a depth of thought as if he himself would not have been so readily convinced. No. 2 is a summary of phrenological principles and doctrines. No. 3 is a strange confusion of phrenology with Greek texts and mistranslations.

Italy; A Poem, by Samuel Rogers. Pp. 306. (London, Moxon.)—A pretty, new edition of a volume which contains passages the most spirited and poetical of any written by Mr. Rogers. We remember, when *Italy* first appeared, we doubted its authorship in consequence of the composition differing so much from Mr. Rogers' preceding productions.

Ruin Inevitable. Pp. 48. (London, Stocking.)—A report in a ridiculous style of an Academy of Secrets, and meant to raise a laugh at some of the principal scientific men of the times.

Dissertation on the Statutes of the Cities of Italy, &c., by George Bowyer, Esq. of the Middle Temple. 8vo. Pp. 115. (London, Richards and Co.)—A curious and neglected inquiry, and one, we think, of considerable use to the student who desires to be well informed on the true bases and principles of jurisprudence.

Stable Economy, &c., by John Stewart, Veterinary Surgeon, &c. 12mo. pp. 432. (Edinburgh, Blackwood, London, Cadell.)—A very complete treatise on the management of horses in every possible condition, in stable or field, well or ill, working or feeding.

A Botanical Lexicon, by the Rev. Patrick Keith, Clerk F.L.S. &c. &c. Pp. 416. (London, Orr.)—An alphabetical arrangement explanatory of the science of vegetable physiology, and well calculated for useful reference. A chapter on Zoology is added, for which the connexion of these natural studies is a good and sufficient reason.

Five Lectures on the Principles of Legislative Provision for the Poor in Ireland, by Herman Merivale, M.P. Pp. 112. (London, Knight.)—These discussions present many clear and able views on subjects of deep interest, in which political economy and natural humanity are alike concerned.

A Layman's Offering to his Church, by J. A. Thornthwaite. Pp. 72. (London, Groombridge.)—A concordance of the book of Common Prayer with the Bible, and shewing the harmony between them. There is much in little in these small and few pages, and the references to the texts of Scripture are useful and instructive.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.
GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 26. Mr. Murchison, F.R.S. in the chair.—Sir Charles Grey, M.P., Robert Stuart, Esq., and Sir Richard Vivian, Bart. were elected members.—Read 'Notes on a Journey in Asia Minor, in 1837,' by W. J. Hamilton, Esq. "Leaving Constantinople, on the 26th May," says Mr. Hamilton, "I again crossed the sea of Marmora to Mudaniyeh, and by Abulliorie, Ulubad, and Artaki, reached Cyzicus. Here I discovered numerous rivers, but so overgrown with illex and other shrubs, that it is not easy to make out what was their original destination. Besides the Naumachia, mentioned by former travellers, I found the ruins of a very large theatre, and several other buildings; yet, on the whole, I was disappointed at the style of architecture, compared with the solid and imposing character of Hellenic masonry. I travelled in a S.S.E. direction on leaving Cyzicus, to endeavour to trace the course of the Maeandros. Reaching its banks soon after quitting Sú-sighir-lé, we proceeded several miles up it,

through beautiful woodland scenery, to Kayá-kapú, or the Pass of the Rock; here the road winds along a narrow path, overhanging the torrent, across which the remains of a massive bridge, with a ruined castle above, denote its former importance. About forty miles south of Sú-sighir-lé, at Singalé, I crossed the river, flowing from the east, and continued up its bed for fifty miles to Simál, where I crossed a range of mountains between four and five thousand feet above the sea; which in former ages has formed the northern boundary of the vast lacustrine deposit of the tertiary period which covers so vast a portion of Asia Minor, and in twelve hours, nearly south, I reached the town of Selenté, not on the banks of the Hermus, as is usually represented in our maps, but on the Aineh-chai, which joins the Hermus twenty miles lower down.—June 8th. Selenté to Kuláh, eight hours, nearly S.W. After leaving the valley of the Aineh-chai, and crossing a range of mountains, I entered the Katacecaumene, and remained some time at Kuláh examining the remarkable phenomena which this district presents. In one of my excursions, I discovered the ruins of Saltta, a celebrated town of Lydia, about seven hours north of Kuláh. Fragments of columns scattered about the plain attest its former magnificence. Shortly before reaching Afyón Kará-hisar, about thirty hours to the east, I passed over several remarkably flat alluvial plains, surrounded by mountains, presenting one of the characteristic features of this part of the country, and bearing evidence of this having formed large lakes at no distant period.—June 29. I reached Koniya, and, proceeding along the high road as far as Kará-bunár, I turned off to the northward to Ak-serai, distant sixteen hours, and situated in a well-cultivated valley. About forty miles to the N.W. of this place is the large salt lake of Koch-hisar, said to be ninety miles in circumference, which supplies the district around with salt at 2½ the cart load.—July 19. From Ak-serai by Jujisú I reached Kaisariyeh. Some miles to the westward is a small lake in the plain at the foot of Mount Erjish, from which most maps make a river flow into the Euphrates, which is quite incorrect; a considerable river falls into the northern end of this lake, flowing through a rich and well-cultivated plain, from the north-east; but the river which issues from the lake, abounding in fish and water-fowl, runs through a deep and narrow valley to the W.N.W., and falls into the Halys. It is called the Kará-sú, or Black Water, and must be the Melas of Strabo, who has evidently written Euphrates by mistake instead of Halys—for the rising of the Euphrates could not have flooded the country of the Galatians. At Kaisariyeh the heat was great, the thermometer averaging 87°, though at an elevation of 4200 feet above the sea. On the 27th of July, after the many inquiries and contradictory reports as to the easiest time for ascending Mount Argeus, I started for Everek-köi, a village on the south side. Here I procured guides, guards, &c. and began the ascent early on the 29th. From a broad and extended base the mountain rises almost to a single peak, consisting almost entirely of scoriaceous cinders, of different kinds. Its appearance is peculiarly rugged, the sloping sides studded with numerous cones and craters, the effects of volcanic action at different times. After a day's climbing, finding it impossible to reach the summit, we rested for the night under a projecting rock, on the verge of the snow. Here the barometer gave 20·198 inches,

indicating a height of 10,300 feet, as the lower limit of the snow-line on the southern side of the mountain in the middle of summer.—July 30. At 3 A.M., Fahrenheit's thermometer 33°, we continued the ascent soon after sunrise, climbing up the many sharp ridges which on this side appear through the snow; and occasionally crossing ravines of snow, down which masses of rock, detached from the soil by the melting of the ice, frequently bounded past us at a rapid rate. Two hours and a half hard climbing and walking brought us to the summit, which consists of a narrow ridge, the highest part being nearly the junction of two large and contiguous craters, both broken down on the north side. The snow within is deep and unbroken, and descends much lower than the southern flank, forming extensive glaciers, resembling those in Switzerland. At the summit, the barometer was just below 18 inches. The mean of this observation, and two trigonometric measurements of the mountain, one from the Greek convent, the other from Kará-trisác, gives the height at 13,100 feet above the sea. There was scarcely any vegetation on the spot where we spent the night; only a few stunted Alpine plants grew among the stones. On descending, I discovered, on the edge of the south plain, the ruins of a town which, at some period of the Byzantine empire, must have been of considerable importance, judging from the remains of Greek churches, columns, and tombs. On our return from these tombs to Everek-köi, we were nearly pounced upon and carried off by a large party of Kurds. We saw them descending from the mountain-side at full gallop, and driving before them across the plain large herds of beasts and cattle, which they had been plundering.—July 31. From Everek-köi I went to Kará-trisác, and then, by the usual road, to Nigdeh, Kilezá, and Ereklí. The ruins of Kará-dah are very extensive; they consist chiefly of the ruins of Byzantine churches of great antiquity; they are built of red and gray porphyritic trachyte, and I am inclined to attribute these ruins to Lystra, rather than to Derbe, which has hitherto been supposed to be here. From Karaman I journeyed to Ulú-bunár, and to Hájilar, near which I discovered the remains of Isauria; then by Bey-shehr to Keralé, where the plague was raging so violently that the very corn was rotting on the ground for want of persons to cut it; affording a striking instance of the destroying character of this dreadful malady. Understanding that the plague was equally virulent at Ataliyah, on the sea coast, I determined to return immediately to Smyrna; and, by a rapid journey through Ulúburulú, the site of the ancient Apollonia, Dénair, and Philadelphia, I reached Smyrna on the 25th of August. The chairman, in proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Hamilton, for his valuable communication (the interest of which was much heightened by his reading it himself, and occasionally giving explanations), said, that it was not only the geographer, but the antiquarian, and the geologist, that must feel indebted to the spirited traveller for the zeal he had evinced, and the risk he had encountered, in his various journeys during the years 1836-37, throughout the whole extent of Asia Minor; from Kars, and the ruins of Anni, on the east, to Smyrna, on the west. That he had the good fortune to fix the sites of several ancient places, and to describe remains and ruins which had escaped all former travellers; that he had given by far the best account hitherto furnished of the geological formation of that sin-

gularly elevated table-land: and yet, perhaps, more than all others was the geographer benefited by his researches, for both in comparative, mathematical, and physical geography, Mr. Hamilton had furnished data that would be invaluable towards improving our maps of Asia Minor; by his various routes he had connected many important places with the north coast; he had obtained observations for latitude at more than forty separate stations; he had kept an exact itinerary, by which the whole of his journey was being mapped, on the scale of an inch to a mile, specimens of which were then lying on the table before him; and lastly, by a carefully-conducted series of observations with his barometer, he had measured the height above the sea of the various elevated plains and mountain ridges, and had completed his work by successfully carrying his barometer to the top of Mount Argeus, and thereby being the first to prove that that mountain reaches the great elevation of 13,000 feet above the sea.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

WE have great pleasure in referring to the productions of our young, and, in numerous instances, fair friends, the competitors for the prizes awarded by the Society of Arts this season. The works are fertile in fruit and flower, and architectural drawings and designs. The specimens are at present exhibited in the Society's large room, to which gratis admission is easily obtained. We sincerely trust that an institution like the Society of Arts, which fostered the opening genius of the late president of the Royal Academy—for here that distinguished man, then a boy, obtained his first reward of merit, a silver palette—will continue to meet with that pecuniary support it so well deserves, and which it has hitherto so judiciously and liberally diffused. We have just seen a letter to the worthy secretary, from Mr. Tooke, late M.P., enclosing a cheque for one hundred pounds in aid of the Society's funds.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ON Monday the usual monthly meeting took place. A number of new fellows were elected; 593*l.* 4*s.* 3*d.* was carried to account for April; upwards of 8000 persons visited the gardens and museum last month. Stock at gardens on 31st of March: 288 quadrupeds, 663 birds, and 19 reptiles. Some valuable additions have been made to the Society's collection of feline carnivora since last meeting, especially in the purchase of a fine young male lion. 'Notes of a paper on Marine Noctiluca,' by Mr. Frederic Debell Bennett. The author's observations upon the phenomena connected with the luminous appearances so often exhibited by the ocean, made during a voyage round the globe, agree in their essential details, and lead to the same general inferences as those of his brother, the late Mr. G. Bennett, published in the Society's proceedings for January last year; the experiments in all instances, as recorded in the present paper, tending to shew that where the condition of marine phosphorescence obtains, organised bodies secreting phosphoric light will be found, in greater or less abundance, distributed throughout the ocean, these bodies being sometimes so minute as not to be detected by the naked eye; whilst, at other times, the luminosity appears to originate in the presence of vast numbers of *Pyrosomata* and *Mesodusa*, which latter, when removed from the water, retain, while vitality lasts, their luminous properties, and are capable of communi-

ating the phosphoric matter to objects with which they may be brought in contact. An interesting fact noticed by the author is, that *Cleodora cuspidata*, which is found floating in great numbers on the surface of the sea, in various parts of the Pacific Ocean, exhibits a speck of delicate blue light shining through the apex of its extremely thin shell.*

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

THE Bishop of Norwich in the chair.—Mr. Anderson exhibited, from the Botanical Garden at Chelsea, flowering plants of *Pterostylis concinna*, a curious terrestrial orchideous plant from New Holland; and of *Perdicium lyratum*, one of the bilabiate *Compositæ*, a native of Siberia. The Duke of Northumberland sent several ripe fruits, of a fine variety of the plantain (*Musa paradisiaca*), from his magnificent conservatory at Sion House. Read, a paper 'On the Existence of *Stomata* in Mosses,' by Mr. Valentine. The discovery of *stomata* in mosses was reserved for the author,—an opinion of their absence from the family of cryptogamous plants having universally obtained amongst botanists. Mr. Valentine first detected them in *Bryum crudum*, and he has since observed them in seventy-eight other British species of the same family. Their situation is peculiar, being confined to the *theca*. The *apophysis*, when present, will always be found furnished with them; and, occasionally, the *seta*. In many cases they resemble the *stomata* met with in the higher orders of plants, but in others they resemble more those of *marchantia*. This interesting paper was illustrated by drawings.

UNION SERVICE MUSEUM.

MONDAY, 2d.—The first evening meeting of the members was held in the library of this institution. In the absence of his grace the Duke of Richmond, V.P., engaged in his parliamentary duties, Major Shadwell Clarke, K.H. took the chair. The object of these meetings is to exhibit the various donations to the Museum, and to read the frequently interesting details and memoranda which accompany them; also, to offer to officers of both services an opportunity of exhibiting and explaining any inventions or improvements which they may wish to suggest, connected with their professions. Numerous were the presents announced, and laid upon the table,—the table, by the way, upon which Smollett wrote his "Roderick Random;" and of great interest were the descriptions, by eye-witnesses, of the virtues, of the uses, of the application, of the various curiosities and rarities, natural and artificial, read by the assistant director. The practical papers were, first, 'On a Particular Action of the Jib,' by Lieut. Henry Raper, R.N. The effect of the jib in lifting the ship's head, the writer considered to be the difference of two contending forces. Supposing, in the first instance, the jib to be a flat board, instead of a curved and flexible surface, and the clue fastened amidships; the effects produced by the pressures upon all parts are the same as if they took place at the centre of effort, or centre of gravity of the surface, which is two-thirds down the middle of this sail from the head, and the direction is perpendicular to the surface. The total pressure or resultant, when the sail is thus hanging vertically, springs from the centre of effort, and extends in a horizontal line, directly to leeward. If the ship be heeled over, the re-

sultant of the sail will be carried downwards in a corresponding angle. The final effect of the jib is, then, to depress the bow, being the sum of the two efforts into which the total action is resolved, viz., the direct effort or pull of the downward pressure of the sail. The angle of inclination at which, in different ships, this sail begins to tend altogether to depress the bow, is—in the 80-gun ship, 13½°; in the 46-gun frigate, 12½°; in the 18-gun-brig, 11°; in the schooner, 16°; and, in the cutter, 14½°. The remainder of the paper consisted of mathematical demonstrations. Secondly, 'On the Application of Percussion-caps to Firelocks in the Army and Navy,' by Capt. Norton. Although the superior efficiency of the percussion over the flint lock has been universally admitted, it has been urged, as an objection to its adoption in actual service, that the percussion powder becomes deteriorated by the action of the atmosphere, particularly on board ship, or when exposed to damp and night air. Capt. Norton obviates this defect by covering the orifice of the caps with tinfoil, prepared with waterproof varnish, and pressing them through a hollow wooden cylinder: the foil will not then strip off by any friction the caps are liable to in packing or carriage. In fixing the cap on the nipple of the firelock, the foil gives way, and from the close binding no wet can afterwards prevent the certainty of fire. It has also been urged as an objection, that the percussion cap is liable to slip through the soldier's fingers in the act of priming; this difficulty Captain Norton meets by enclosing the cap, either with or without the foil, in a perforated piece of stout leather, either buff or sole. In order to unite rapidity of loading with efficiency, the enclosed cap is attached to the cartridge by tying it to the priming end; so that the motion of fixing the cap on the nipple, and withdrawing the cartridge, shall open it without an irregular tearing, and allow the powder to pour into the barrel as from a small funnel. Capt. Norton went through the motions of loading a rifle with great expedition. He also fired off several percussion caps, which, prepared with tinfoil as above described, had been soaking in water for six days. Thanks were voted. The meeting adjourned to the 16th inst.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.
UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, March 29th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—The Rev. C. A. Heurtley, Fellow of Corpus Christi College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—R. Jackson, Fellow of New College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. A. Harvey, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. E. J. Carter, Exeter College; Rev. J. Overton, Magdalen Hall; Rev. A. C. Tarbutt, Fellow of Wadham College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. J. Randolph, Student, Lord Viscount Ennily, J. P. Severn, Christ Church; T. R. Agnew, Fellow of New College; J. H. Wardroper, Exeter College.

CAMBRIDGE, March 30th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Masters of Arts*.—C. F. Partridge, J. May, Trinity College; C. Evans, St. John's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—D. Calliphronas, T. M. Nicholson, T. Livesey, E. C. Terot, Trinity College; C. Baldock, E. Baylis, St. John's College; C. Grain, Pembroke College; W. Bond, Caius College; G. R. Medley, W. Price, Corpus Christi College; A. M. Wythe, R. R. Ford, Queen's College; R. P. Waller, Jesus College; J. Smith, Christ's College.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

MARCH 17.—Professor Wilson read to the Society a review which he had prepared of the French translation of a Chinese book containing the journey of a Buddhist of that empire through a large portion of Hindustan, towards the close of the fourth century of the Christian

era. The translation was made by the lamented Remusat, whose death last year put a stop for a short time to its publication, which was, however, taken up by M. Klaproth. That learned orientalist soon followed his predecessor to the tomb; and the volume was completed and published by M. Landresse, and might be regarded as the joint production of the three scholars. It is entitled the *Foe kus ki*; and is the relation of a journey performed by *Shi fa hian*, a Buddhist priest and pilgrim, who undertook to visit the chief seats of his religion in India, at the close of the fourth century. The whole tour and residence in India took up 15 years; and, meagre as the details are which the writer has given, they are acceptable, as illustrating in some measure the state of India at a time of which we have hitherto found no historical records. The Professor stated that the work was accompanied by learned notes, explanatory of the doctrines of Buddhism; and by elucidations of the geography of India at the period of the journey. Many of the verifications given were satisfactory; but he thought others were not so certain, and that, most probably, the learned translators themselves, if they had had access to original Sanscrit writings, and to some recently published accounts of researches in the N.W. confines of India, would, in some instances, have formed different conclusions. *Shi fa hian* left Changan, in the province of *Shen se*, A.D. 399; he went first to the N.W., and then westward across the great desert of Shamo to the Lake Lob, where he found a people like the Chinese in dress and manners, and followers of the faith of Buddha. He observed that all the religious people studied the language of India. This language was no doubt the Pali, a form of Sanscrit always adopted by the Buddhists in their practical writings. In fifty days from this place he reached Khoten, where he took up his abode in a monastery of 3000 persons. The journey of *Shi fa hian* is thus far identified; but the succeeding portion is beset with difficulties, arising partly, no doubt, from some confusion in the description, or errors in the text; and partly from the alteration which the Indian names suffer by Chinese transcription. Our limits will not permit us to state the arguments by which the learned translators support the views taken by them of the course followed by *Shi fa hian*, nor those which Professor Wilson adduces to justify the different opinion he has himself formed upon it. It may suffice to state that the French editors make the Chinese tourist take a much wider range into the countries east of the Indus than the Professor thinks at all probable; and both bring him back to one of the upper affluents of that river, called by him *Sin theu* (Sindu, of the Hindus), which he crossed by a swinging bridge of ropes: this is the *ghula*, still frequently used for traversing the mountain streams in the N.W. of India. He afterwards reaches the site made holy by the possession of a highly valued relic—the water-pot of Foe—to possess himself of which a king of the *Yuechi* invaded the country. His arms met with success, but he was unable to carry off the object of his conquest; the sacred pot, though placed upon a carriage drawn by eight strong elephants, refused to stir, and was consequently left in its original site, where, in the time of the tourist, it was the object of daily adoration. The Professor observed that this notice contained an interesting corroboration of the accounts of the invasion of Upper India by the *Yuechi* Scythians, which had been obtained from other sources. There is much uncertainty in the traveller's course, until we

* We hear a great zoologist has discovered that Pigs always turn their tails towards the same side. Hear it, ye consumers of Pig-tail.—Ed. L. G.

arrive at *Mo-thu-lo*, which is pretty evidently Mathura on the Jumna. In this part of the journey, all the princes were followers of the Buddhist faith, and paid great reverence to the priests of that religion. From thence he went to *Kiu salo*, which is clearly Kosala, the Sanscrit name for a kingdom generally coinciding with the modern Oude. He next visited *Kia wei lo wei*, the birthplace of Sakya himself, and therefore the most important place in Buddhist topography. This, as well as the similarity of the names, identifies it with Kapila vastu, about the site of which there is some controversy, as it is placed by some in Bakar, and by others near the hills which separate Nepal from Gorakpur. The itinerary of our tourist proves that the latter opinion is the correct one. The place was then "as it were one vast solitude," and dangerous to travellers, from the lions and elephants which abounded there. It was, in fact, the tract now known by the name of the *Tarai*, and which, at that remote period, began to suffer from the unwholesome miasmata which have since rendered it a literal "belt of death," although we find no mention of unhealthiness in *Shi fu hian's* journal. In consideration of the late hour, the Professor proceeded no further with his paper, but promised to complete it at the next meeting. He concluded with expressing a hope that the advancement of culture and civilisation would scatter the vapours which rendered this region so mortal; and that other and holier shrines would, at no distant day, rise on the site of the birthplace of Foe.—Among the donations laid before the meeting, was the picture of the interior of the dressing-room of a Persian bath, resorted to by females, which, at a former meeting, was exhibited as a curious specimen of art among the Persians at an early period. The interest excited by the painting induced its owner, Lord Western, to present it to the Society. Colonel Briggs, the secretary, entered into a detailed description of each figure in this curious production; and contrasted its execution with that of the best works of modern Persian artists, specimens of which were at the same time exhibited, and which demonstrated that the art had considerably retrograded in that country since the sixteenth century. We understand that a written description of the picture is in the Society's house, and can be referred to by visitors who may desire to see it.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

APRIL 5. The Earl of Aberdeen, President, in the chair.—Henry Brandreth, Esq. F.S.A. communicated an essay entitled, 'An Inquiry into the Mode of Coinage of the Anglo-Saxon Stycas of Northumberland,' a portion only of which was read. The writer entered into various details respecting the currency of nations in their early stages of civilisation; but the main object of his disquisition is, to suggest for consideration the cause of the legends of Anglo-Saxon coins abounding in blunders more than those of any other period. These inaccuracies were described as being similar in kind to those which occur in printing, such as letters transposed, or turned upside-down, &c.; and Mr. Brandreth's suggested explanation of this is, that the dies were not engraved, but struck from movable types, which, if not fitted together with due care, produced the blunders in question. On account of the Easter recess, the meetings of the Society were adjourned to the anniversary on St. George's day, the 23d instant.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Geographical, 9 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.; Institute of British Architects, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Society of Arts, 8 P.M. (Mr. J. Williams, on Arts and Manufactures of Ancient Egypt); Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Institute of Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Architectural, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Astronomical, 8½ P.M. Literary Fund 3 P.M.; Club, 5½ P.M.; Graphic, 8 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

THE GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

The works of the students in the Government School of Design (under the able superintendence of Mr. Papworth) were, on Thursday evening, exhibited to the public, in what used to be called the Great Room, at Somerset House. As far as we are capable of judging of such performances, they appear to us to be of the most promising description: uniting breadth of effect with taste in form and composition, and precision in detail. Hitherto, the Continent has surpassed us in the beauty of its ornamental patterns of every description; so much so, that our manufacturers have been constantly compelled to have recourse to foreign inventions. We trust that one of the results of the Government School of Design will be speedily to wipe away this national reproach; and that English manufactures, always distinguished for their solid and substantial character, will become equally so for their originality and elegance.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

[Second notice.]

No. 174. *Desdemona interceding for Cassio*. C. Smith.—There is both taste and grace in this composition, and the workings in Othello's mind are well expressed.

No. 56. *The Hypocrite*; and No. 69, *A Friend in Adversity*. E. Prentis.—Two subjects in domestic and familiar life, in which Mr. Prentis has been remarkably successful. His execution is in the highest cabinet style, and the character of his paintings is no less interesting. The first, however, is by far the more striking; and, though we can trace the use of the model throughout the artist's works, we are really at a loss to guess where he could find a countenance of such consummate hypocrisy as the one he has introduced. The companion picture is sufficiently obvious in its character, and serves to shew the sexes in perfect contrast to each other.

No. 10. *A Scene on the River Greta, near Keswick*, Cumberland; No. 17. *Cromack Water*, Cumberland; and No. 97, *Barnard Castle, County of Durham*. T. C. Hofland.—Mr. Hofland could hardly have fixed on three views affording more beauty and variety than these under our notice, or in the delineation of which his practised hand and eye could have been seen to more advantage. They combine a close study of nature with the picturesque.

No. 38. *The Confluence of the Rivers Quorra and Ichadda, in the Interior of Africa*. Captain W. Allen, R.N.—Views such as these, like news from a far country, are always welcome, to the untraveller especially; and we truly congratulate Captain Allen on the skill displayed in this novel and interesting scene.

No. 39. *Fish Sale on the Beach*. J. Wilson.—Really the powers of this veteran artist appear to advance with advancing years. He is in his element in whatever he undertakes, but most especially in scenes like this.

No. 117. *The Raven of the Desert, Mexico*. D. J. Egerton.—The public are much indebted to the pencil of Mr. Egerton for bring-

ing into view these and other features of the new world. The present is a scene equally calculated to inspire and to receive the inspirations of poetry. The lines, therefore, in the catalogue, are perfectly appropriate, and lend a character to the subject which possesses much of the vast and the sublime.

No. 104. *The Advance of Bertrand du Guesclin, with Condottieri, upon Avignon, to levy Contributions on the Pope*. A. W. Elmore.—The subject partakes of the romantic and the adventurous; and has been rendered familiar to the reading world by the works of Froissart and Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Elmore has shewn great talents in its representation; but it is left in doubt whether the downward course of the band may not lead to a more upward course—that of the galleys.

No. 155. *A Remnant of the Glorious First of June*. H. Pidding.—Well do such remnants deserve to be cherished, and as relics preserved in picture and in song. The artist has admirably performed his task in the weather-beaten semblance; and it is grateful to know that Greenwich does the rest.

No. 125. *The Sick Lady*. T. Clater.—To point a moral or adorn a tale, is the province of the painter; and the visit to the sick chamber may, as well as to "The House of Mourning," better the heart. In this view the subject appears treated, for there is apparent resignation on the part of the sufferer, and consolation on that of the friendly attendant. It is executed in the artist's usual clear and harmonious style of colouring.

[To be continued.]

THE LOUVRE.

THIRD DIVISION OF THE LONG GALLERY.

ONE of the first pictures that strikes us here is No. 430, "The Head of a Young Girl," by Dedreux-Dorcy, a charming study, full of grace and loveliness, and containing much in its colouring that reminds us of some of Shee's earlier works. Close to it is No. 209, "The Apocalypse," by Brune, a grand mystical picture, and the best of the two contributed this year by that justly esteemed artist. In design it is something in the way of John Martin; and the four riders on horses, Death on the pale horse bringing up the train, come sweeping down from the sky in a wild and grand style, that shews much knowledge of grouping and forcible drawing. The colouring is not so aerial, if we may apply the word in this case, as we could wish; the whole is a little too solid. No. 1543, Roqueplan, "Les Deux Petites Sœurs," is a pretty piece. No. 869 is one of Gudin's splendid sunsets or sunrises—for its only defect is that it would do for either. There is an interesting group of portraits of the Duke de Nemours, Marshal Gérard, &c., in the trenches before Antwerp, No. 662. One of the most delightful pictures we have seen for a long time is No. 1797, by Winterhalter, "A Young Girl of Ariccia;" and we may at once seize the opportunity of saying that we admire exceedingly the two other pictures by him in this year's Exhibition. The style of this artist is bold and masterly: his drawing is better than his colouring, which is certainly too cold, though in many points closely copied from the tints of nature; and his light and shade with a little more breadth would raise him still higher among his contemporaries than he now stands. A production of a very different kind is No. 118, "The Desert," by Biard; another instance of the varied powers of a very extraordinary painter. A small Arab camp in the foreground is

prowled round by some lions; the Arabs are on their guard, the watch-fires are burning dimly, the sun is not up, and nothing is seen around except the boundless expanse of the desert. The colour of the sky and the earth is very remarkable, betokening intense heat. No. 1731, "An Entombment," Van Eycken, is, next to Ziegler's "Daniel," the best sacred subject in the collection. It is a beautiful and harmonious composition, of great force of shade and richness of colour; well handled, and highly resembling a Vandyke in the gallery of M. Aguado. Biard has a droll *morceau* in No. 119. An unlucky *ci-devant jeune homme* is detected in smuggling sundry *aines* of silk handkerchiefs at a frontier custom-house; and the operation of unwinding him is most ludicrously represented. The figure of the wife, the custom-house officer, the clerk, &c., are quite capital; and it is impossible not to be amused with this clever picture. No 1622 is a curious study of a Magdalene; and Nos. 1519 and 1521, farm-yard scenes, by Robert, are not devoid of merit. A subdivision of the Long Gallery, which this year terminates it, contains several water-colour drawings, among which Nos. 1188 and 1189, by Lewis, "Spanish Sketches," hold, of course, the first place. They are not two of his best; and are placed in such a wretched light that they are seen to much disadvantage. No. 1049, by Lami, are four prettily conceived sketches; and Nos. 228 and 1526, by Callow and J. Roberts respectively, are good; the former being, however, far too weak in colour to support the bold handling that is applied to it. A door-way on the right leads us into the temporary wooden gallery that runs parallel with, and opens at intervals into, the great one. The upper end of it contains the greater part of the water-colours and the crayon drawings of the Exhibition, which this year are much better than usual, and shew a decided general progress on the part of the French school. Sufficient patronage is by no means given to this delightful branch of the art in France, and the progress, therefore, of the mass of French water-colour painters is slow. Still, progress is made. The oil paintings in the wooden gallery are, for the most part, of smaller dimensions than those in the other parts of the Exhibition, as the width of the gallery itself demands; and many of them, on account of the narrowness of the space, are viewed to great disadvantage. Traversing the Grand Salon, we enter into the Galerie d'Apollon, where there are several architectural drawings and engravings; and in the small jewel-room, before entering the Salle des Gardes, are placed some exquisite specimens of porcelain painting. We pass rapidly along the Greek and Egyptian Museums, and, descending one of the grand staircases at the south-eastern corner of the Louvre, come upon the Statuary Exhibition. This, as a whole, is by no means striking this year: to our taste the best statue is No. 1851, a fine pedestrian figure of the king, by Dumont. "Having now," says the Parisian critic, "finished our examination of the works of art contained in the present exhibition, we will remind our readers that by the catalogue it appears that 1047 exhibitors have this year contributed works of various kinds, 139 of them being ladies. We have heard many complaints, as we do every year, of the severity of the jury of admission, and also of their injustice. Of the latter failing having been displayed by them last year there can be no doubt, since M. Gigoux's 'Antony and Cleopatra' was refused; and we are inclined to accuse them ourselves of the same defect on the

present occasion, since such abominable daubs and plasterings as Nos. 1224 and 1294—to say nothing of at least 200 others nearly as bad—are admitted. We do not know a more ready way of bringing the fine arts into disrepute, and of defeating the object proposed, than by allowing things to be exhibited which are the veriest rubbish of inexperienced beginners; but the only remedy for this evil, resulting either from gross favouritism or a foolish pandering to youthful vanity, is the establishing of a rival exhibition by the leading artists of the day. This has long been found in England to be the only effectual check to malpractices of this nature."—*Abridged, &c. as our preceding notice: to afford English artists and amateurs an idea of the National Exhibition of France.*—Ed. L. G.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Christ's Charge to Peter. Designed and drawn by Raffaele; etched on steel by J. Burnet. This is the third of Mr. Burnet's series of the Cartoons, and is as successful as its precursors in exhibiting the grand general character of the celebrated original. Whatever Mr. Burnet's new process may be, it is evident that no one but a sound and able artist could have recourse to it with advantage. This is especially evident in the "stoppings-out;" which are managed with remarkable boldness and skill; and which give to the draperies in particular singular squareness and crispness of effect. The expression of the heads, and pre-eminently that of our Saviour, is also retained with great fidelity.

Saunders's Portraits and Memoirs of the most eminent Living Political Reformers. Part IV. GEORGE BYNG, Esq. the veteran member for Middlesex, now "Father of the House of Commons;" the Right Hon. C. Poulett Thompson, M.P., President of the Board of Trade; and Thomas Wyse, Esq. M.P.; the first two from the pencil of George Hayter, Esq. the last from that of B. E. Duppa, are the portraits illustrative of the present Part of this publication. They are all well-marked and characteristic heads; although in those by Mr. Hayter, there is a more than pleasing quantity of shadow:—a circumstance owing, probably, to their being two of the studies for his large picture of "The Meeting of the First Reformed Parliament, in 1833."

DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—On Thursday, the production of Donizetti's over-lauded *Lucia di Lammermoor* attracted an immense crowd of the unaristocratic lovers of music; we mean those who are vulgar enough to run, push, and fight for seats in the pit or gallery of this theatre. The boxes, also, were fairly, though not so fully occupied as the other parts of the house. Sir Walter Scott's exquisite story has, as the name denotes, supplied the plot; the translator having taken the tale of the loves of Lucy Ashton and the Master of Ravenswood, only merging the two characters of father and elder brother into one. The music of the opera is, generally, thin and uninteresting: occasionally a sweet musical passage rouses attention; but, ere applause has time to follow, the sweet sounds have passed, to return no more. Of course, the opera would be an utter failure unless there were some exceptions to the preceding remarks; and even in these exceptions, the composer is much indebted to the masterly style of their execution. Persian, gentle and quiet, as in *Amina*, was an inter-

esting *Lucia*, and sung the music of her part with fine taste and judgment; perhaps, in the mad scene, a little wildness would render it more effective. However, as Madame Persiani's style is all her own, and, moreover, truly graceful, we will not search for faults. Her "Spargi di qualche pianto" was beautifully executed; also, her share in "Se tradirmi tu potrai," a duet with Tamburini, in which the two voices harmonised most perfectly. Rubini was in fine voice, and was warmly encored in the gem of the evening, "Fra poco a me ricovero." The trio and chorus, commencing "Chi rittiene il mio furore," was delightfully sung by Rubini, Tamburini, Persiani, Morrelli, &c. &c. The latter gentleman is new to these boards, and, from the slight part we heard, appearing to have a good full-toned voice. Here ends our list of the beauties of the opera; our readers will readily believe they scarcely make up for the heaviness of the rest of three acts.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—C. H. Adams's *Lectures on Astronomy.*—We are glad to find (see advertisement) that the illustration of the tides will be shewn every night; it has always appeared to us that Mr. Adams was particularly clear in his explanation of this important problem—the excellent machinery used in his present course will render the theory of the tides intelligible to all.

VARIETIES.

Obituary.—Among the recent deaths, which have removed from our earthly scene men favourably known to the arts and literature of England, we have to notice Sir Abraham Hume, a distinguished friend and patron of the fine arts, who died at a very advanced age: Mr. Polwhele, whose writings have, for many years, adorned the belles lettres: Mr. T. Atwood, the celebrated composer; and Mr. Morton, the dramatist.

H. B. (Nos. 531, 2).—Two novelties, and of the most amusing caste. The first is "Sheep-shearing;" Lord Brougham clipping Lord Melbourne pretty close, and Sir W. Molesworth, as a shepherd-boy, marking Lord Glenelg with an iron on the hip. Both agree that the wool is very coarse and bad, and wonder that "Misers don't get a better flock." The present Ministers are seen in the distance, waiting their turn with most ludicrous wofulness of expression at Brougham's operations. The last is Mr. Shiel, as a Chelsea Pensioner, and the look and figure are admirable. O'Connell says it is a snug birth, and hopes for such another should the rent fall. Two old pensioners can hardly tell what to make of their new comrade. One thinks him "a Spitfire," the other a new-fangled steamer, or some such small craft.

Paintings.—On Wednesday we attended another private view of paintings at Messrs. Christie's, belonging (a few) to the late Lord Mulgrave; a considerable number to Mr. Wilkins, the architect of the National Gallery; and some to other parties. There were several very fine works, especially a Rembrandt, though one side of it seemed to us to be painted by another hand; "The Prodigal Son," by Rubens; a capital Burgognone; a De Hooghe, of extraordinary merit; Ruysdael, Elzeimer, P. Veronese, Poussins, Domenichinis, &c. &c.; all charming examples of these masters. Late sales have brought excellent prices, and we hear there is much foreign competition in the market.

Chasing.—Among the sights of London at this time, one of the most remarkable is at the

Egyptian Hall—a chasing of Le Brun's "Battle of Arbelæ," by a German mechanic. It cost him seven years' toil, and is one of the most elaborate and extraordinary works of art we ever witnessed.

French Address.—The talent which the French are so notorious for displaying in the address of letters to foreign barbarians, is whimsically shewn by the two following, on covers of Paris newspapers, which we picked up from Mr. Bentley's table:—M. Bentley, Bookseller, to New-Burlington,* par Londres (Angleterre. M. Bentley Bookseller new Burlington, à London (Angleterre).

Another Yankee Pull.—"Do ye think ye make them there things mighty sharp?" said a visitor in the West to a cutler in New York. "I do (was the answer); none better or sharper in the States." "We make them far sharper in Kentucky, I guess (rejoined the interrogator)—why man, my father made a scythe there, so tarnation sharp, that when he hung it up on a tree, its shadow cut a fellow's leg off; and if it had not been taken down with great difficulty, there would not have been a limb left on in our parts!"

Fashion in New York.—The editor of a newspaper, in that emporium of fashion, received an invitation to a ball, and answered it in the following terms:—"I have no special objection, provided they do not require me to dance; still I would prefer my friends to get up a prayer meeting, and have some good psalms and hymns sung, intermingled with a few hundred oysters stewed and pickled. I like to see pretty women eat oysters!" The same gentleman, complains of a tall loafer, who had been passing himself off for the editor, upon all the pretty girls at a *soirée*, or something; "but this loafer," he says, "squints in his sinister eye. Hence the scoundrel has a sinister look, and all his actions are of a sneaking and sinister character; whereas my squint is positively handsome, and, being in the dexter eye, I am dexterous and successful in all my undertakings." Another copy of this squinting gentleman "got a most infernal flogging," he says, a few weeks ago, intended for the real Simon Pure. "So that to be James Gordon Bennett is not always to lie on a bed of roses."

The Fashionable World of New York.—On Thursday evening, January 25th, a grand party was given at Lady T—d's, in Lafayette Place, where, the writer states, on his arrival he found a party of about eighty; consisting of the wealth, beauty, and fashion of the city, enjoying themselves in drinking wine together: "some, 'tis true, were awkward in doing so, and spilled a little on their neighbours' dresses, and were laughed at by those more fantastic" (*quare, fastidious?*). After describing the splendid costume of the company, and the cotillions, waltzes, and quadrilles, performed,—the writer states that a young fop of nineteen (of the *haut ton*, of course) was guilty of several misdeemeanors during the evening, such as pulling chairs from their place, when those who had occupied them were returning to their seats, but, instead of chairs, thus found themselves seated on the floor. He also distinguished himself by throwing the china plate given him to hold his wine-glass and cake upon it, high in the air, and catching it again. "I saw him," says the narrator, "do it several times, and did not doubt but he would break it, which he finally accomplished in gallant style. This

tossing of plates is practised to a great extent in this community. After this feat, I expected he would compose himself; but no, he afterwards amused himself by throwing almond-shells and raisins about the room and at the company. After a most elegant supper, dancing was renewed, which was concluded by Scotch reels, during which the efforts made by the gentlemen to stamp as loud as they could must certainly have given the floor the rheumatism."

Religious Soirées are very frequent in America. The Methodist clergy only get 100 dollars per annum each. If a minister has a wife, he gets 100 more, and fifty dollars for each child: twins, of course, are worth 100. These soirées, then (accompanied by psalms, and hymns, and exhortations, tea, coffee, and prayers), are given by the friends of the minister to help him through a weary world: the visitors bring with them a variety of articles of consumption, and some contribute money. An eccentric preacher, recently addressing his congregation in furtherance of a charitable purpose, said, "Brethren and sisters, what you give let it be given in gold and silver. The Lord does not recognise paper money. Bank-notes are nowhere found in the Bible, and I have great doubts whether they will pass current in the kingdom of heaven." Of course, nothing but hard money was received.

A New York paper makes the following announcement:—The Rev. Dr. Brownlee has started on a new enterprise. On Sunday evening next, at the Middle Dutch Church, Nassau Street, he will deliver a lecture on "the works of Sir Walter Scott, together with a view of the doctrines of infidelity on the morals of the rising generation." The editor of the paper alluded to observes, that in his review of Scott's works, the doctor will have a fine chance to shew his talent. In that school of literature, of which Scott is the head, there is a strong contrast to the opposing dynasty formed by Voltaire, Rousseau, Byron, Bulwer. The first embraces religion, poetry, creeds, of one class of clients; the latter, irreligion, unbelief, cold philosophy, as its prime principle of action.

Botany.—At a meeting of the Philosophical Society, the Rev. the Master of Christ's College, the president, in the chair, Mr. Kelland, of Queen's Coll., read the first part of a paper 'On Molecular Attraction.' Afterwards Professor Henslow gave an account of the plants brought by Mr. Darwin from the Keeling Islands. These are coral islets of recent formation, lying to the south of Sumatra. They are of the form called lagoon islands, the average height of the land above the water not being more than six feet. These islands have only recently been inhabited by man. The indigenous vegetable species from them are twenty-four in number; and Mr. Darwin has brought home twenty-two of these, belonging to twenty-one genera and eighteen different families.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

Caution: Lepers.—There are several native lepers in Calcutta, who follow the occupation of confectioners. The public should, therefore, be cautious in purchasing sweetmeats, or they will be apt to bring this loathsome distemper on themselves.—*Parbury's Oriental Herald*.

A Madagascan Invitation.—A correspondent of the "Mauricien" writes from Tamatave, Madagascar, 27th October, an account of the return of the deputies of her majesty, the queen of that island, from the courts of England and France, after a year's absence, and from one of whom he received an invitation to dinner,

which he copies literally as beneath, and which we extract as a *morocau* not a little curious:—"Tamatave, the 21th day of the Moon, 1837. M. M. This is what I have to tell you: that to-morrow afternoon when the watch says four, I call on you to eat at Government House. Live, enjoy good health, and good bye. I (Signed) Andriantsitohaina 11th Honor, (of other officers)."—*Ibid*.

Valuable Dress.—The Raja of Chanda, Gungadur Rao, is now at Agra, to prosecute his suit before the Lieutenant-Governor and the Governor-General, for a diamond ungurkha, or jacket, valued by the family at a million and thirty thousand pounds sterling, and now in the hands of his agent at Benares. It was formerly deposited with Madhojee Kala, a Benares Surroff, for some repairs, when Nagpore was reduced by the British government. The ex-*raja* is said to have been the owner of a diamond jacket, valued at three millions of money, which was also at Benares at the same period, and is still, it is said, in deposit at the same place.—*Ibid*.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

Clavis Philologica: or, the British Linguist's Guide, being an Arrangement alphabetically and methodically classed, of Ancient and Modern Dictionaries, Glossaries, Lexicons, &c., Illustrative of the Anglo-Saxon, English, Norman-French, Scottish, Irish, Welsh, and Foreign Philology. [Including the Danish, we hope.—*Ed. L. G.*] — Kidd's Private Thoughts on Things in general, with Engravings on wood, &c.—Kidd's Random Records; or Endless Entertainment for the Carriage, the Steam-boat, and the Fire-side; with Engravings on wood.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A General System of Gardening and Botany, founded upon "Miller's Gardener's Dictionary," by G. Don, F.L.S., complete in 4 vols. 4to. price 3*l*. 12*s*. each.—Cambridge University Calendar, for the year 1838. 12mo. 6*s*.—Sunday Lessons from the Old Testament, with Prefaces, 12mo. 5*s*. 6*d*.—Digest of Reports of the Commissioners of Religious Instruction in Scotland, 8vo. 1*s*. 6*d*.—The Whist-Player's Hand-Book, 24mo. 1*s*.—Precedents in Conveyancing, with Notes, &c., by S. V. Bone, Esq., Part I. royal 8vo. 4*s*.—Italy, a Poem, by Samuel Rogers, new edition, 1 vol. fcap. 5*s*.—Topsell-Sheet Blocks; or the Naval Foundry, by "The Old Sailor," 3 vols. post 8vo. 3*l*s. 6*d*.—Masterpieces of English Prose Literature, Vol. V.: Lady Montagu's Letters, fcap. 5*s*.—Spillan's Practice of Medicine, 48mo. 2*s*. Ditto Medical Formulae, 48mo. 1*s*.—Rev. Dr. Gill's Life and Writings, by J. Rippon, D.D. 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.—Hints for the Table, 18mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.—Noble's Highway Account Book, 4to. 4*s*.—Natural History of Quadrupeds and Whales, by J. Wilson, 4to. 12*s*.—The Olive Branch: or, an Antidote to "The Practical Evils of Dissent," 12mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.—Family Prayers: the Spirit and Language of the Gospels, 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.—Principles of Political Economy, by H. C. Carey, 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.—Miscellaneous Thoughts on Men, Manners, and Things, by a Grumbler, 8vo. 8*s*. 6*d*.—North American Herpetology, by J. E. Hallbrook, M.D. Vol. I. 4to. 2*s*. 12*s*. 6*d*.—Flora's Offering, by Maria K. Hart, 32mo. 2*s*. silk.—The Gospels Harmonised, chiefly from the Works of Dr. A. Clarke, by S. Dunn, 2d edition, 8vo. 8*s*.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1838.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 29	From 27 to 29	30.44 to 30.43
Friday 30 42 .. 50	30.41 .. 30.25
Saturday .. 31 35 .. 51	30.15 .. 30.06
April.		
Sunday 1 21 .. 43	30.08 .. 30.10
Monday .. 2 13 .. 47	29.96 .. 29.97
Tuesday .. 3 22 .. 44	29.87 .. 29.87
Wednesday 4 35 .. 55	29.93 .. 29.90

Wind very variable.

Except the 31st ult., and afternoons of the 2d and 3d instant, generally clear; a little rain on the evening of the 3d.

The low state of the temperature on the morning of the 2d is worthy of particular remark.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. D. E. accepted; at least, several. The influx of new claims and views have induced us to defer remark on Copyrights.

* Which led to this Post-office mem.—"Not for Bridlington, try London."

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A del Sarto
Cannetti
Ponsini
Aoni
Needa
Tenters
Waterloo
W. V. Der Velde
Both
Maca
Wouermans
Berghem
A. V. Der Velde
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Wilson	Hills	Linnell
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